

THE HICKMAN COURIER

ESTABLISHED 1859.

HICKMAN, FULTON CO., KENTUCKY, FRIDAY, JANUARY 10 1879.

VOL. XX. NO. 38.

Every approach to the Ameer's dominions is over a road that would call out the enthusiasm of a tourist, and the employment of elephants and camels give to the invading army an Oriental cast that has at least the charm of novelty to Europe and America.

CHARLES A. DANA, editor of the New York Sun, receives \$11,000 a year. White, of the Tribune, gets \$12,000. Charles Nordhoff writes when he pleases for the Herald and receives \$10,000 a year. The editor of the Boston Herald, M. Haskall, is on a year's absence in Europe, and draws \$10,000. Henry Watterson, of the Louisville Courier-Journal, earns \$7,500. The editor of the Chicago Times gets \$6,000. George W. Curtis, of Harper's Weekly, draws \$10,000, and Harburt, of the World, a like large sum.

It will be remembered Engineer Collins, of the Lake Shore railroad, who was on the fatal train which met with such disaster at Ashabula, was charged with having made away with himself from remorse at his supposed responsibility for the accident. The result of an investigation, however, goes to show that he was killed by hired ruffians in a premeditated murder.

LOCOMOTIVE whistling is to be supererogatory at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., by a bell worked by electricity, which will be set up in the depot. When the train arrives within a mile of the station, the bell will ring until it gets to the depot. The danger signal is thus given, and the waste of steam is avoided, to say nothing of the racket. Any engineer who whistles hereafter, when in Poughkeepsie, loses his situation on the Hudson river railroad.

WILLIAM C. RALSTON'S handsome widow has wasted \$120,000 of the \$175,000 settled upon her from the ruin of her husband's California estate three years ago, and her friends have applied to the San Francisco courts for the appointment of a guardian to prevent the squandering of the remainder. Numerous adventures have found Mrs. Ralston a willing dupe, and a year ago she caused quite a scandal by enticing a New Yorker from his wife and family.

AMONG the good provisions adopted by the constitutional convention of California, is one making the directors of banks and other corporations jointly and severally liable for all loss occasioned to stockholders and depositors by fraud, and embezzlement, or mismanagement during their term of office. A sweeping change has been effected also in the law of arrests, a provision being adopted that in no civil actions shall imprisonment hereafter be allowed except in cases of fraud.

A NAILGUN has been invented in New Zealand, to be employed in driving down flooring boards. The nail is placed, point down, on the top and slides down to the bottom, where the operator draws up a rod, and the downward stroke of this the nail is cleanly driven into the boards beneath. A practiced hand by this simple contrivance can do the work of half a dozen men.

ANOTHER application of electricity is to be applied of importance in its relation to mills, warehouses, stores, shops, vessels, etc. By a simple and ingenious arrangement, and a small button placed outside the building, it can be ascertained, after the premises are shut up, if any of the iron door is closed; if any one of these has been neglected, the omission is at once detected. The same arrangement or system is likewise applicable to ships, enabling the commander to know, at any time, if all the bulkhead doors are closed, and if not, which one is open.

A NEW telegraph scheme appears in the bill prepared by Senator Jones, of Nevada. It allows the railroads possessing lines of telegraph to do a general telegraph business. A company is to be formed with \$10,000,000 capital to buy these telegraph lines from the railroads, which are to be paid in the stock of the new company. The railroads and the public would both in this way, it is claimed, be able to use the telegraph much more cheaply than now. Many large merchants are declared to be in favor of the new line, and the President of the St. Louis Board of Trade has applied for \$100,000 of the stock.

TOTAL admissions to the late Paris exhibition were 16,032,725, against 16,000,000 for the Centennial of 1889. The exhibition at Paris, however, was open more than a month longer than the one at Philadelphia, while the actual receipts at the latter place were fifty per cent. larger than at the former. This year at Paris, as compared with 1876, shows nearly double the number of admissions, and an increase of seventy-five per cent. in receipts. In spite of this increase the exhibitions held during the empire involved an expenditure of considerably less money. In 1878 45,000,000 francs were appropriated, and deficit is reported of 15,000,000 francs more.

NETWORTHINESS the fun made about it by Frenchmen who do not wear the Cross of the Legion of Honor, the privilege is highly esteemed by those who do wear it, and they do not at all appreciate the ridicule aimed at the Americans who have been selected to wear the decoration. Louis Napoleon gave the badge so frequently and indiscriminately as to make it cheap; but recently the French government has tried to elevate it by more careful and discerning disposal. Only 40,000 Frenchmen are now said to be decorated. The College of the Legion has a good deal of money, which has been augmented by the addition of property belonging to Louis Philippe. From this fund pensions are paid to certain members of the order, including knights and legionaries who have been wounded in military service, and have amounted to as much as \$6,000,000 francs annually. No ignominious punishment can be inflicted on any member so long as he obeys the order.

PRINCE DEUKALION.

FROM BAYARD TAYLOR'S LAST POEM.

In the kind of lips that reddened
With perfect passions down,
Met the blue pure woman years for,
And the noble truth men burn for,
When the youthful fancy is deadened,
But the human heart beats on.

By the light of the dawn within them
Their weakness and their children
And self and its deeds are broken
By the longing that leads to spoken,
And the warmth of the deeds that win them
The courage to be free!

Still sky is the best endeavor
That hath set its goal so high;
But good, when the heart betrays it,
And love, by the lines that speak,
Shall cradle the earth forever
In the arms of a happy sky!

We hear thee and know thee, Father!
As a rock, the shepherd leads,
And thou, the pure woman years for,
And thou, the noble truth men burn for,
When the youthful fancy is deadened,
But the human heart beats on.

Thou hast set its goal so high;
But good, when the heart betrays it,
And love, by the lines that speak,
Shall cradle the earth forever
In the arms of a happy sky!

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A Wonderful Stable.

TURT, FIELD AND FARM.

The greatest collection of road horses in the world belongs to Robert Bonner. There are now in his stable, West Fifty-fifth street, near Fifth avenue, ten horses, every one of which, with a single exception, has trotted in 2:20 or better. The nine are Edwin Forrest, Dexter, Music, John Rogers, Startle, Moley, May, May Bird and Maud Macey. The exception is Marie R. by Edward Everett, dam St. Lawrence Maid, one of a pair driven several years by Cammellore Vanderbilt. She is a diminutive specimen of horseflesh, standing but 14.1. Unquestionably she is the fastest trotter in the world of her size. She has pulled a wagon a mile on a three-quarter track in 2:24, and has been timed a mile in harness in 2:24. She is fairly flying on the road now, and Mr. Allen Bonner does not hesitate to brush with anything that will accept his challenge, and will he may, for she has shown a quarter in 32 seconds. She wears a sixteen-ounce shoe.

In addition to the ten 2:20 horses above named, Mr. Bonner has at his farm Pocahontas, who has trotted in 2:17; Gratton, who showed a public trial at Boston in 2:19; Wellesley Boy who has trotted in 2:19; Eric, who has trotted in 2:20; Manetta, who has been timed in 2:22; Astoria, the sister of Dexter, who has gone a mile in 2:23; Centennial, who has trotted in 2:24; and Keene Jim, with a four-year-old record of 2:24. None of these have been brought down from the farm, for the reason that there are but ten boxes in the town stable.

With so many star performers to choose from, Mr. Bonner can make several fast teams; and, but for reasons of a private nature that are well understood, he has made several public performances.

There are past summer and autumn. He has recently been to pole than any other horse in the country. He is saying a word to the effect that he is a wonderful horse.

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Bayard Taylor.

Chicago Tribune.

My lips are weary, now the hating heart
My lips are weary, now the hating heart
My lips are weary, now the hating heart
My lips are weary, now the hating heart
My lips are weary, now the hating heart
My lips are weary, now the hating heart

The last work of Bayard Taylor, containing the above lines, has hardly made its appearance before the telegraph announces the sad tidings of the death of its writer. It is but a few months ago that the venerable William Cullen Bryant presided at the banquet given to Mr. Taylor upon the eve of his departure to Berlin to assume his duties as minister of the United States to Germany, and delivered a parting address full of kindly feeling, to which Mr. Taylor responded.

Since his departure, Mr. Bryant has passed away, and the January number of the Atlantic Monthly contains a poetical tribute to his memory from Mr. Taylor's pen, and now the latter has gone to join his friend, and a great name has dropped out of the list of our living writers.

The story of his life is briefly told, for it has been mainly spent in travel and books, and the former has been largely utilized in the service of the latter. He was born in Chester county, Pennsylvania, January 11, 1825, and in 1842 commenced his life work as an apprentice in a printing office in West Chester. Three years afterward he made a tour through Europe on foot, and upon his return in 1846 published "Views Afloat, or Europe seen with Knapsack and Staff," which aroused a very general ambition among tourists to travel in the same pedestrian style. During the next year he edited a newspaper in Phoenixville, Pennsylvania, and then went to New York, where he became identified with the Tribune, to which journal he has contributed more or less ever since, and in which many of his smaller works have made their first appearance. In 1849 he made the tour of California, and returned by way of Mexico. The year 1851 was spent in the east, and during his tour he ascended the Nile and also traversed a large portion of Asia Minor. In 1852 he set out from England, crossing Asia to Calcutta, thence going to China, where he joined Com. Perry's Japan expedition. In 1852-3 he was secretary of legation at St. Petersburg, Simon Cameron then being minister.

After residing some time in Germany, for which country he had a special affection, he returned to his native land, and made several lectures before the New York Society of Authors, and lecturers ever had so much to do with that was new and entertaining.

He revisited Egypt, and in the same year he visited Iceland, where a poem of his was read. He was sufficiently cosmopolitan by nature to accommodate himself to all countries, and probably no traveler has been more loved and respected by foreigners than he. He had welcome access to their homes, and, being a man of close powers of observation, he has not only acquired a knowledge of the general aspects of countries, but with pictures of home life such as few men except Auerbach have ever drawn with this notable exception, that while Auerbach's observations have been limited to a narrow region of his own country, Bayard Taylor was a citizen of the world and broke bread with the people of many strange countries. His travels have enriched our literature with many works.

His literary work has not been confined to books of travel. His busy pen was almost constantly employed, and his ambition and industry led him through almost every department of literary activity. As a poet, he was characterized by vigor and force united with purity of sentiment, rather than by the imaginative faculty or by the dreaminess and mysticism that characterize so many of our latter-day poets. In translations his work is the most valuable, because it is the best that has ever been done by an American writer, while in the case of his splendid version of Goethe's "Faust," it may be fairly questioned whether it is not the best translation of that great poem ever made in any country.

His literary activity continued to the very close of his life. If we are not mistaken, one of his strongest reasons for wishing the position to which President Hayes appointed him, was that he might be where he could easily secure material for his "Life of Goethe," upon which he was at work when death suddenly intervened, and the pen dropped from his hands. Few American writers will so sincerely mourned, for few of them are so well known to the people. His strong, rugged, vigorous nature, his genial, hospitable, manly bearing, the purity as well as excellence of his works, and his chivalrous character as a gentleman, will commend his memory to his countrymen. The story of his death will be told and his memory will be tenderly recalled in almost every part of the world. Among the snows of Iceland, in the shadow of the Pyramids, under the palms of India, wherever his restless feet have wandered, there will be friends who will be pained to know that this great, strong heart has ceased to beat, and that the wanderer is forever at rest.

The Barroom Bell Punch.

New York Herald Richmond Telegram.

The returns of the Moffet system of liquor taxation, embracing the whole State, and covering the first fiscal year, have just been made public. They show that the registers and licenses combined only produce \$83,669 more than the old system, a great disappointment. It was claimed for the registers that they would yield at least \$600,000 per annum.

Many localities public opinion has been against the law, and in consequence

Advantages of Clover.

A correspondent of the Rural New Yorker writes: Whenever clover can be grown, the means for restoring exhausted fertility are always at hand. It does this in many ways. On heavy soils or clays clover roots penetrate the subsoil, opening it to the fertilizing influences of air and light. They take from the subsoil the mineral elements, chiefly mineral, which have lain dormant, or beyond the less vigorous feeders. The surface soil on land long cropped is generally deficient in mineral fertilizers. As the clover plant is mainly near or above the surface, what is brought from the subsoil helps to make the surface richer. At the same time another important renovating process is going on. The clover leaves form a mulch, protecting the surface from the heat and rapid evaporation of moisture which would otherwise occur. Under this shade there is strong reason to believe that unavailable nitrogen is transformed into nitric acid or nitrates with some base forming a nitrate, and is thus made available as plant food.

I omit in this enumeration of the benefits from clover, the advantages which many believe to be to possess of using atmospheric nitrogen, by absorbing it through the leaves. This is a mooted question, and, though important, its decision does not involve that of the necessity of growing clover. If clover has the power, it is probably through the ammonia held by dew and rains on the leaves, and is thus helped by the use of gypsum and land plaster, which often produces remarkable results on the clover plant. There can be no doubt that a growth of clover heavy enough to form a mulch adds to the nitrogen fertility in the soil. Clover is rich in nitrogen. In the decay of its leaves and roots it gives the soil just what is wanted to grow a maximum crop of any kind of grain. On the wheat growing soils of Western New York farmers have found by experience that growing clover enables them to produce as large crops of wheat as in early days when the virgin fertility of the soil was not exhausted. There is even an increase in the yield of clover. Some years ago a farmer had a clover field between two corn fields. One of the corn fields was a new one. The other was an old one. The new one had a much better yield than the old one. The farmer had a clover field between two corn fields. One of the corn fields was a new one. The other was an old one. The new one had a much better yield than the old one.

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Joe's First Love.

When Joe and his sister, Mary, were attending college, Joe became intimate with a class of young men noted for practical joking. Among the latter students was one who had for several years held a flirtation with every young gentleman who chanced to spend his time in that way. She was wealthy, good looking and free, but lacking maidenly modesty and high moral character.

Among the boys she was called "my Joe's," for she was his niece. "Joe's" was a girl who was very much in love with him, and who came more than half way to meet him, and being only seventeen, she was pinched, coaxed, and made to make the downy growth of her hair to her utmost to make him look better; but in vain; his slight, boyish figure appeared to poor daughter besides.

When Joe was a woman of twenty-five, he was a senior, was daily and had several lectures before the New York Society of Authors, and lecturers ever had so much to do with that was new and entertaining.

He revisited Egypt, and in the same year he visited Iceland, where a poem of his was read.

